

noblest uses, he must be cast into the crucible. The ordeal of tribulation awaits him. The trial is as of fire, but it consumes not; against his soul of proof it is powerless.

Whilst on a short voyage along the shores of his native land, he is seized by Turkish Pirates, and borne away into exile and captivity. He is reduced to slavery,—sold and re-sold,—to-day the property of one Heathen master, to-morrow the chattel of another. From this cruel lot neither his intellect, nor his superior education, nor his sacred character could save him. The blind and obdurate Turk knows no respect. The most enlightened, the most accomplished, the most holy, are to him no better than beasts of burthen. In such hopeless bondage, Vincent of Paul could only pray, could only suffer, and, he prays with the fervour, he suffers with the resignation of a Christian martyr. Can we be too thankful that that power, which he fails even to modify or soften, is now broken,—that the sick expiring Turk, now implores in his death agony, the aid of that Christian community which he had so long defied, and in the persons of many of its members, insulted and oppressed?

The faithful Christian cannot be all a slave. No power can chain the mind. Paul of old preached eloquently in his bonds, and made his oppressors tremble. Our apostle is alike consumed with zeal. No dread of new evils can bind his tongue. The beauty of God's house inspires him. He proclaims its glories. Its worst enemies listen and are won. A Moslem woman declares that there is no God to compare with the God of the Christians. She loudly upbraids her renegade husband. "The God of Vincent was too good to be so foully abandoned." And this man so long hardened in iniquity enters into himself and resolves to return to the religion of his forefathers. A fitting time is chosen, and the renegade master, together with his Christian slave, are borne over the waves, in a fragile bark, beyond the reach of Turkish intolerance and persecution.

It is now given to Vincent of Paul, restored to his country, after three years of exile and bondage, to satisfy the great desire which never slept in his ardent mind. An unlooked for circumstance, which, whilst it brings him to St. Peter's Chair, opens for him a career of usefulness, with which nothing in modern times can bear comparison. Rome, ever true to her sublime mission, welcomes to her walls, this heroic witness of the truth, and sends him on her errand of peace, to the Court of France. Henry the Great fails not to appreciate the qualities of Vincent of Paul, and wills that he be raised to episcopal dignity. But the cruel and cowardly hand of an assassin deprives France and the world of the best of monarchs, and other, but not less

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